

## **Cow Henry**

### **"Stay Out of Bars"**

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Yo, check this shit out

Hangin out in bars can become no joke  
When you start to drinkin gin rum bacardi and coke  
Or Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante  
Even forties being shared throughout the posse  
Jukebox is slamming throughout the bright moon  
With the melody, of a soft Barry White tune  
I sit back, like I got it made in the shade  
Holding my dick as I talk to the barmaid  
Excuse me miss, "Alright here I come  
May I help you?" Yeah, double shot of rum  
"On the rocks sir?" Mm-mmm, not at all  
Who the fucks need ice inside of burning alcohol  
I reach in my pockets to tip the whore  
But I'm clumsy, my change start falling on the floor  
I play macho, and say leave it for the sweeper  
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP my fucking beeper  
I start stumbling to the phone booth  
Revealing all symptoms of drinking ninety proof  
The phone booth door is closed, the light is on  
The girlie just dialed nine-seven-zero porn  
She sit back, with her legs cocked in the air  
While her fingers do the walking through her knotty  
pubic hair  
Her eyes are shut tight, she moans and groan  
I hit the glass, "Get the fuck off the phone!"  
She jumped up and said, "You just had to be the one  
to interrupt me when I was having so much fun"  
I said, "Hold up, yo, bitch you think it's cute  
To be perverted let alone a sleazy prostitute"  
She said, "How can you try to disrespect any female  
Or me and my homegirls just because we sell"  
I said, "Pussy? That's what you call it?"  
She screamed out, "You're god damn right you  
alcoholic!"  
She said, "This is a public phone and you do not run it"  
I said, "So is your pussy but can I use it when I want it?"

Stay out of bars (2X)

I was in Times Square, loungin hard  
Me and the Prince Rakeem, you know the God  
Watchin females posin for a flick  
Thinking of who would be the first to turn a trick  
"Yo Genius you see that?" "Yeah" "So what you think?"  
"Let's swing em to the nearest spot to have a drink"  
I winked at one she said, "Hi" in a low pitch  
Rakeem started flowin and bagged the other hoe  
bitch  
Now we searchin for a zebra lounge  
to settle down, right in the heart of midtown  
Went to this place, called the Sting Pit  
Got inside and seen all types of shit  
Men who looked soft but acting wild  
Dancing to the beat, Ten City style  
Females who wore jeans that were tight  
With faces resembling transvestites  
Everyone in the bar gave my girlies mean looks  
As if they were fugitive crooks  
They smiled at me and the God, showin all thirty-two  
That's when I caught the clue  
As this red-bone, who thought she looked fly  
Rolled up on me, and she said "Hi"  
That one little word fucked up the whole night  
Her voice was deeper, than Barry White  
I jumped up, and boy did I flip  
I pull out a nine and I empty the clip  
The place was flowin with crazy blood  
A little midtown massacre type flood  
And as we stepped off from the scene  
Here's the message I got from Rakeem  
Stay out of bars (4X)

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